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THE HEART.

The heart hath chambers twain
Wherein do dwell
Twin brothers, Joy and Pain.

When waketh Joy in one,
Still calmly
Pain slumbers in his own.

O Joy, thy bliss restrain,
Speak softly,
Lest thou should'st waken Pain.

—From the German.

GARDENS ON THE ROOF.

A Sensible Sort of Summer Vacation—No Musquitoes, No Malaria.

"No, I am not going to the country this summer," said a rich and decidedly original friend of mine, the other day, in New York, in response to the stereotyped question which greets everybody at this season of the year. "I shall spend a month in the mountains in the autumn when the foliage begins to turn, but the summer I shall spend in my roof garden." I suppose I stared at him blankly, for he laughed, and added: "Yes, my roof garden; come up and see it. All the advantages of the country, no musquitoes, no malaria, cool air, large airy bedrooms, house with all modern improvements, and all that sort of thing. Come up and dine with me and I will show you."

We strolled up the avenue and entered his house, on Murray hill. After a capital dinner my friend smiled as he led the way to the elevator.

"We will have coffee and cigars in the garden."

When I had ascended the stairway and stepped through the scuttle I could hardly believe that I was on the top of one of the commonplace brown stone houses of fashionable New York. The flat roof had been covered with a narrow slatted flooring. Potted plants and shrubs in boxes delighted the eye, relieved the sharp angles of the eaves, and hid the chimneys. A large marquee, such as we see on country lawns, protected us from the sun, and rugs, cane easy chairs, hammocks, two or three small bamboo tables, and a multitude of Chinese lanterns made the roof seem a bit of fairyland.

"What do you think of it?" he said gayly, as we seated ourselves, and his wife made the coffee in one of those French balance coffee pots, which make the best coffee in the world. It was charming, and I told him so.

"It costs no more than a week at a fashionable hotel would, and it is much more comfortable. My cooking suits me. There are no unpleasant people, no wild rushes for trains or boats, no stuffy little hotel rooms, no impudent waiters. We have a cool breeze here every night, and a fine view. See there where the Brooklyn bridge stretches across the river like a necklace of diamonds. That cluster of brilliants is the light tower in Madison square, and the one just below is Union square. The little spark off in the bay is the statue of Liberty, beyond are the electric lights of St. George and Erastina, Staten Island. Over [illegible] the Casino, with its many colored lights on the roof garden, from which I got my idea, and beyond it are the twinkling lights of Jersey City and Hoboken. I think it is rather jolly myself," he concluded, modestly.

It was awful jolly, and I wonder that more people do not follow my friend's example. During the evening half a dozen people dropped in and were shown up to the roof. Ices and a bottle or two of wine were served, and when I strolled down the hot city street again I could hardly realize that there was such a jolly little park high up in the air, where all the comforts of the city and country could be combined into such a unique and delightful whole.—New York Times.

Character Tested by a Musical Note.

Now it is a fact, well known and beyond dispute, that every animate or inanimate structure responds to some chord or note of music, called, I believe, the dominant. We have all felt some building vibrate in unison with the pulsation of some note of a musical instrument; we have felt "creepy" shivers run through us as some musical chord is sounded. It is well known that animals are strangely affected by certain harmonies.

Some day, when civilization has advanced, I believe that these evidences of psychological structure will be better understood. It will be recognized that vice and virtue are in accord with different harmonies, and yield to the power of different dominants; and, when once the power of classification is made, and the disclosures of the dominant understood, then the extent and influence of the dominant will be a psychological test to define the character and ruling passions of men's nature, and to decide the fitness of men for the various pursuits of life, and even for life itself.—Arthur Dudley Vinton.

A Little Chap's Advice.

A little friend of mine, while visiting out of town for a few days, enjoyed immensely the strangeness of his rural surroundings. He had not been out of the city since he was old enough to take cognizance of country ways and characteristics, and his comments on what he saw occasioned much amusement to his parents and the family where he was visiting. The other day, as he sat enjoying a piece of cake under the shade of the trees, the hens gathered about him to catch the crumbs that fell from his chubby hands, and among them was a Brahma chicken sparsely provided, as these chickens frequently are, with feathers. The little fellow gazed down with a reproachful eye at the chicken so illy provided with feathery garb, and his protest finally came: "Go 'n tell your ma to dress you, and don't be goin' wound wifout no clothes on."—Boston Budget "Saunterer."

A New Article.

Vulcabeston is the name of a new article intending to combine all the valuable qualities of asbestos and india rubber. It forms a substance of the toughness of horn, although it can be made of any degree of flexibility; it is a non-conductor of electricity, and stands the severest test of acids, steam, gases, etc. One of the most important uses of the new article is as a molded piston rod packing ring, made to fit any sized rod or stuffing box, and to be sprung in place with a slight pressure, one or more rings to be used, as desired, and forming a perfectly tight steam joint. These rings do not wear the rod, and they are self lubricating. —Chicago News.

CARE OF THE STOMACH.

An Old New Yorker Gives Some Advice in Regard to its Treatment.

An old New Yorker, who was brought up in hotels and restaurants, and knows all about eating, gave some points to a reporter the other day about the way for a man to make friends with his stomach. "There are two big mistakes that almost all persons make," said he. "One is that they don't eat the right things, and the other is that what they do eat they don't eat right. Dyspepsia and indigestion are killing more people than rum ten times over. Why delirium tremens is joy compared with a bad digestion. When a man has the tremens he's happy sometimes, because he forgets himself, but when he's got dyspepsia his stomach is always with him, and he's always conscious of it. He can't sleep. His food doesn't taste right. Boils break out over him. He's morbid. All his friends seem to have deserted him, and some day he goes off and blows his brains out, and the public and newspapers say he had business troubles. Business troubles! Why, what does a man care for business troubles when his stomach's all right? If his stomach is right his head will be clear, and he'll prosper. No glutton or dyspeptic can stand up alongside of a man with a sound stomach and a clear head.

"When you got up this morning what did you do? Went right off to breakfast and filled yourself, with your nose in the papers and your mind wandering over the earth. You don't know what you ate, or how much or how long it took. For all the good it did you, you might as well have swallowed bacon and corn bread, or turkey and buckwheat cakes, or any other mixture that would take up space in your stomach. Then, while you ate, you gulped down ice water and coffee alternately, and when you got through you lit a cigar and went down town, glad you had done part of the work of the day.

"That's not breakfasting. It's loading up your stomach, and it's worse for you than if you hadn't eaten anything. Then you have a headache and feel bad, and grow fat, and wonder why it all is. It's because you don't pay as much attention to your stomach as you do to your office boy. Your stomach takes its revenge by making you wretched. To squelch it you pour a lot of liquor into it and gulp some ice water on that, with a cracker or pretzel and a bit of cheese. What sort of a mixture do you call that? Just imagine the cheese and rum and pretzel, and think that something inside of you has got to get away with that. If you want to drink, drink and enjoy your drink. Don't down it and fling things at it when you've got it down. Take a glass of wine and enjoy it, but don't fling it into your stomach as you would your fist into somebody's eye. Your stomach ought to be your friend, but if you go to pitching into it it'll show fight, and you may as well understand that it'll get the best of it.

"When you get up in the morning take a big drink of water. Your system wants water first. An engine isn't first fired up and then water let into the boiler. Clean your teeth and let the water run from the spigot while you're doing it. Then drink a pint of it. Use common hydrant water; no ice, no salt, no mineral water. Ordinary water is good enough for an ordinarily healthy man. Keep away from drugs and pills and give your stomach a show.

"If you're in a hurry to read the papers, read them before breakfast. When you sit down to the breakfast table be happy; you're going to do something pleasant. Breakfast isn't a penalty imposed on you or a task to be performed as soon as possible, but a pleasant, enjoyable occasion. Try and have somebody talk to you, and talk yourself. Laugh. Start off with fruit—some oranges, say. Then eat some fish and stale bread, or stale rolls or toast. If you want anything more, eat some meat. Take your time to it all. I stay at the table for an hour, and eat all the time. Don't eat much, but take your time to it. If you haven't time, eat less. The time you spend at breakfast will be saved over and over again during the day.

"If you've been up the night before don't take a cocktail or ice water. Try some broth and some tripe if your stomach's pretty far gone. When a man's been off a little his stomach is raw and inflamed. He doesn't want to start right off with more rum. Let him give his stomach a show. It'll pay him to. Coddle your stomach in the morning and it'll stand up for you at night. If you go pitching into it first thing it will have its revenge.

"Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and you must drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. Try this thing of starting off fair and square. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening, and it won't tell on it. A man's stomach is his friend, and if he'll only treat it kindly the first half of the day it will show its appreciation and stick by him at night."—New York Sun.

Crops in Mexico.

Between San Juan del Rio and Queretaro the Mexican Central traverses the fields of one Mexican farmer who raises 20,000 bushels of wheat a year. There are six or seven haciendas in the same locality where the crops reach 10,000 bushels; and 10,000 bushels of wheat means 40,000 bushels of corn, 2,000 bushels of peas, and 3,000 bushels of beans on the same hacienda. That is the way the Mexican farmer of this part of the country diversifies his crops. He raises wheat, corn, beans, and peas in about the proportion given. Occasionally there is a specialist like the farmer near Queretaro who goes into the raising of chile, the hot peppers of this country. This man usually has 60,000 chile plants or vines.—Globe-Democrat.

Effects of Mental Starvation.

A large part of the failures, the disappointments, the inferior work, the poor thinking, the shallow reasoning, the lack of kindly feeling and sympathetic action which afflict mankind, is due to the lack of nourishment afforded to the faculties. They are starved, consequently feeble and inefficient. Men plead the lack of time to enrich their minds, to stimulate their powers, to feed their moral natures. As well might the bird with drooping wing and declining strength plead that he had so many flights to take in midair that he had no time to pick the corn from the field or the fruit from the tree to sustain him in those flights.—Home Journal.

Guarding Bank Note Plates.

These plates are surrounded with impenetrable safeguards. The large room, nearly the full length of the building, is occupied by only the engravers at the windows, Mr. O'Neil, the chief engraver, and the custodian. On one side of the room is a railing and wire screen, such as are seen in banks, behind which are the desks of Mr. O'Neil and his bookkeeper. On the other side of the room, at the door of the vault, is a similar inclosure, where sits the custodian of the plates, dies, rolls, and other property. When the chief engraver comes in the morning he makes a requisition upon the custodian for such of these precious bits of steel as he wants. Each piece has its name or designation, whether it is a bit of lathe work, a vignette, or an entire plate, and when they are surrendered to the chief engraver upon requisition an entry is made upon the books of the custodian. The bookkeeper or custodian for Mr. O'Neil makes an entry on his books also, to show what he has received. Then, as the engravers want the different pieces of work, a similar account is kept with them, and no man can leave the room until the books show that every piece of engraving that he had in his possession has been returned, and he has a note from the chief engraver to show that such is the case. The watchmen would not let them out of the building without this. When a bell sounds at noon the engravers go to lunch, but not outside the building.

When the work is over for the day the accounts between the chief engraver and his subordinates are balanced, to show that each has returned all the work placed in his custody. The rolls and dies and plates are returned by the chief engraver to the custodian from whom he got them, and if no piece is missing his requisition is returned to him, and the property locked in the vault for the night. Should it ever happen that anything was missing, even if it were but the smallest fragment of engraving, no one would be permitted to leave until it was found. A complete record is thus kept of every piece, so that you can tell just where it was at any time, how long it was in any one's custody, and what he had it for.

"We know," said Mr. O'Neil to a reporter to whom Chief Graves had extended the freedom of the building, "we know that whatever may be said about counterfeits being printed from government plates, that there never was one so printed. There never was a plate stolen. There is no plate that has ever been made that is not in the vault there, and every one can be accounted for for every minute of time. You cannot name a little out of the way national bank but that we have the plate for its notes in that vault, and can tell you all about it, from the names of the men who worked on it to everybody who has ever touched it at any time."—Washington Star.

Dandified French Sailors.

Going down the harbor a day or two since I was struck with the graceful appearance of the great French ram which, with its long white hull and backward sloping masts and smokestack, looked exceedingly rakish. As a general rule, the new ironclads are cumbrous looking objects, but the French man of war appeared as light and airy as if she had not been built upon modern scientific principles of opposing great resistance to the enormous projectiles of advanced gunnery. I looked with admiration on the graceful lines of the ram, and thought that if a vessel had to be run down by another there would be a certain satisfaction in having the operation performed by such a keen and penetrating prow. The French sailors whom I saw pulling from one of the wharves to their ship looked as "trig" as their vessel, and yet there was a lack of that salty expression about them which is so noticeable in the British and American man-o'-warsman. Somehow the sea does not seem to be the element for the Gaul that it is for the Saxon, and I would rather risk my "timbers" in an inferior fighting machine where the hearts were of oak and the will of iron.—"Taverner" in Boston Post.

Light for Instantaneous Photographs.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Physical society Professor C. W. Vogel communicated the most recent discovery in connection with instantaneous photography, by which it is now possible to obtain instantaneous photographs not only at night, but also in the darkest places. Messrs. Goedicke and Miethe have prepared a mixture of pulverized magnesium, chloride of potash and sulphide of antimony, which when ignited produces an explosive, lightning like illumination of such intensity that by means of it an instantaneous photograph can be taken. The speaker then gave a demonstration of the discovery by taking photographs of several persons present. He used the artificial light, of which each flash lasted one-fortieth of a second, and in a few minutes produced a picture during the meeting. The powders, as prepared by the discoverers, cost only a few pfennigs each, and will hence readily come into general use.—Scientific American.

Peculiarities of Hungarian Music.

I remember once asking a distinguished Polish lady, herself a notable musician and pupil of the great Chopin, whether she ever played Hungarian music. "No," she answered, "I cannot play it; there is something in that music which I have not got—something which is wanting in me." What was wanting I came to understand later, when I became familiar with Hungarian music as rendered by the Tzigane players. It was the training of a gypsy's whole life which was wanting here—a training which alone teaches the secret of deciphering those wild strains which seem borrowed from the voice of the tempest or stolen from whispering reeds. In order to have played the Hungarian music aright she would have required to have slept on mountain tops during a score of years, to have been awakened by fallen dews, to have shared the food of eagles and squirrels, and have been on equally familiar terms with stags and snakes—conditions which unfortunately lie quite out of the reach of delicate Polish ladies.—Blackwood's Magazine.

How "Parnell" Is Pronounced.

Throughout England, and even in parliament, Mr. Parnell's name is usually spoken as in this country, with the accent on the second syllable. But he and his closest friends accent it properly on the first syllable.—Chicago Herald.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

How Near the Ancients Came to Learning It—Historical Facts.

The world has many times come near to printing, and just missed it. The ancient Assyrians stamped their records deep in bricks or cylinders of clay, using a raised wood block, or possibly separate characters. A wooden hand stamp discovered in a tomb at Thebes left upon the Egyptian bricks for which it was used, in raised hieroglyphics, the name of Amenoph—possibly that very Pharaoh who was the taskmaster of the Israelites—which was cut into it. The Greeks not only cut exquisite seals, leaving raised impressions upon wax, but used also the contrary process of engraving maps upon smooth metal plates, from which they might have taken ink impressions "if they had only thought of it."

The Roman potter used, it would seem, movable types to stamp his vessels with the owner's name or a contents label; the private loaves of bread sent to the public oven were stamped with an owner's mark; cattle and slaves were "branded" by a heated stamp; the "signum of Cecilias Hermias" in raised brass, which saved that Roman citizen the trouble of writing his name or of learning how to write it, as well as several incised brass stamps which seem intended for use with ink, are in the British museum. Quintilian suggested the use of a stencil to teach Roman school boys to write, since by following its lines with their stylus they could trace the letters; Cicero and other Latin writers come very near the idea of printing types when they speak of the absurdity of expecting an intelligible sentence from chance mixing of engraved letters; Pliny, indeed, speaks of "a certain invention" by which Marcus Varro proposed to insert in his books "the images of 700 illustrious persons," thus "saving their features from oblivion," and "making them known over the wide world," which sounds very like our wood cut printing.

Yet, so far as we know, all Roman books were made by slave copyists, so cheaply that Horace complains that his books were too common, while Martial's first book of epigrams could be bought for six sesterces (24 cents) in plain and five denarii (80 cents) in fine binding, and the daily newspaper of Cicero's Rome, the Acta Diurna, which contained local news and gossip of marriages and divorces, as well as acts of the senate, was probably made in like manner. The Emperor Justin, who could not write, used a stencil to sign his name, and merchants had trade marks to the same purpose.

The Codex Argenteus, or Silver Book, at Upsala, Sweden, which dates from the Sixth century or earlier, must have had its silver letters stamped on its purple vellum one by one, since some of the letters are upside down, and such engraved letters were in use by many caligraphers of the middle ages to outline initial letters for their illumination. Woven fabrics of silk and of linen were printed in colored inks from hand stamps in Italy possibly as early as the Twelfth century; indeed, Breitkopf holds that the Egyptians thus printed cloths, and the Mexicans and Polynesians had perhaps a like practice. The printing press itself was rather an adaptation of the wine press or cheese press used in all countries than an invention, and the playing cards and block books of the middle ages, made from engraved wooden blocks, which preceded the use of movable types, were probably printed on it.—R. R. Bowker in Harper's Magazine.

New Comers from the Country.

There was an odd incident at one of the seashore places one day last week. A couple of ladies, who do not live in Boston, and whose unpretentious way of life had perhaps led them to fear that they might be looked down upon by Boston people, had taken board at a hotel much patronized by Bostonians of an excellent sort. Walking about the corridor of the house on the first evening after their arrival, and observing with an interest natural in new comers the people about them, they happened to observe two ladies standing in the corridor not far away. It struck the younger of the two new comers, who is a little short sighted, that these two ladies whom she saw in the corridor were quite shabby in appearance. She turned to her companion and whispered:

"Well, I guess we can hold up our heads with this sort of people."

The elder seized her handkerchief in a vain attempt to smother a hearty laugh. They had been looking at their own reflection in a big mirror.—Boston Transcript.

Planting a Pimento Grove.

The planters of Jamaica long ago found out that the birds can make much better pimento or allspice groves than can be made by man. As a consequence the work of planting, or more properly of sowing, is left entirely to the birds, man's share of the labor being confined simply to chopping over the piece of woodland which it is proposed to convert into a spice grove.

After the first rains following the clearing a number of young pimento plants make their appearance. The birds, flitting about among the fallen timber all through the fruit season, drop the seeds everywhere, under conditions which insure their immediate fertilization, and the partial shade afforded by the fallen timber is just what is required to foster the young plants' growth. By the time the timber is rotten the planter has his pimento grove well developed, and requiring only to be thinned out to render it a source of profit for many years.—Audubon Magazine.

Ice in a Tenement House.

The rarity of a lump of ice in a tenement house suggests to a writer in a New York newspaper that the flower mission should be followed up at this stage of the season by an ice mission. "The sweetest music I ever heard," once exclaimed a convalescent fever patient, "was the jingle of the broken ice in the pitcher of water that the nurse was bringing to my bedside."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Some Good Salaries.

The emperor of Russia has a salary of $8,250,000; the sultan of Turkey, $6,000,000; the emperor of Austria, $4,000,000; king of Prussia, $3,000,000; King Humburt, $2,400,000; Queen Victoria, $2,200,000; Isabella of Spain, $1,800,000; Leopold of Belgium, $500,000, and President Cleveland, $50,000.

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